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PARISH CLERKS.

'HE must be known to be of honest conversation, and sufficient for his reading and writing, and also for his competent skill in singing, if it may be.' These, according to the constitutions and canons ecclesiastical, are the qualifications demanded of him who seeks the ancient and honourable office of 'parish clerk.' Clerks there are, and clerks. In one of the metropolitan parishes, the post is worth, I have been told, some twelve hundred pounds per annum; while in my own immediate neighbourhood, the churchwardens, on being remonstrated with as to the dilapidated state of the building of which they had the charge, replied that with great difficulty they raised ten pounds a year from the parishioners for church expenses, and they were obliged to give half that amount to the clerk, 'as that was all he got.' If it be true, as I have somewhere read, that 'we all do get what we deserve,' to what a depth of depravity must have sunk the parish in which one who gets so little can be deemed to be of honest life and conversation!

It has been my privilege to know not a few of these officials. There was one—and as I write of him, I feel very old, for his voice and figure are associated in my recollection with the first church which I ever to my own knowledge entered—an old man in those days, and as he cannot be living now, I will tell you his name—Tommy Earnshaw—who, seated in the ground tier of a 'three-decker,' seemed always, to my boyish eyes, a far greater personage than the parson, for this reason, that he used to give out the hymns. Now, what was coming next in the service I knew—that is, when I was attending (I was only some eight years old at the time of which I write)—but that was not always, and I used to employ much of my time in looking through the hymn-book, and speculating as to which hymn it would be. Thus, as my curiosity was always gratified by the clerk, I came to think a great deal more of him than I thought of the clergyman. And indeed, if he lived in these days, and were to do as I heard him do, I venture to say he would not only be

thought more of, but talked more of than any clergyman under whom it might be his lot to serve. For at the usual time, one morning service, he rose, and adjusted his spectacles, but produced, instead of the hymn-book, what appeared to be a copy-book, and in a louder voice than ordinary, spoke as follows (this took place, I must mention, in a Yorkshire village, where clerk and almost every one else 'spoke Yorkshire'): 'Let us sing to t' prayse and glowry o' God a hymn of ma oan composing.' I cannot remember any words of this composition, but I have reason to believe, from what my elders have told me, that though neither parson nor people had any idea of what was coming, they took it all as a matter of course, and sang through the whole to the best of their ability.

Here, it may be observed, was shewn the wisdom of the proviso inserted by the framers of the canons ecclesiastical; for had not Thomas been 'sufficient for his competent skill in singing,' how could he, having given out each verse, have started as he did the voices of the congregation, kept the lead throughout, and come in, as was his invariable custom, three parts of a line ahead of them all!

His brother in the profession, so well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, has always seemed to suffer by comparison with the self-reliant Tommy. Though posted in the vantage-ground of a west gallery, he was fain, when the singing-time came, to invoke external aid, which he did by leaning over, and addressing those below as follows: 'If there be any one of you down there as can sing, he mun come up here. We're going to have a hanthem: "Bla ye the trumpets, bla."'

I was staying many years ago at a friend's house in Lincolnshire. The village church was small, and served from the mother parish church some miles distant. My offer to take the service was thankfully accepted, and, as in duty bound, I informed the clerk on the Saturday of my intention. He was the village cobbler, but an important personage notwithstanding.

'Which is it to be, sir?' was his first question.

'Morning or afternoon? We had morning last Sunday, and by rights it's afternoon to-morrow.'

I offered the two services; but 'our people,' he said, were mostly used to one, and them as liked could go to the mother church in the evening; so we decided in favour of the morning service only.

'Now, what time shall it be, sir?'

'What is the usual time?' I asked.

'Mostly about eleven, sir.'

'Very well; eleven be it.'

'I'll be in in the morning,' were his parting words.

In the morning he came, at five minutes to eleven.

'Be you near ready, sir? For if you be, I'll be thinking of rising the bell; but don't you be coming yet a bit, for ten minutes of a bell is what they reckons upon, and ten minutes is what I gives them.'

We were excellent friends up to the beginning of the service, but afterwards all was changed. I had omitted to tell him that, being, as I was, a deacon only, I should leave out the Absolution. When, therefore, I passed from the Confession to the Lord's Prayer, he was not ready, and instead of taking his part, turned round, and looked at me reproachfully until the prayer was all but concluded. I tried to make my peace afterwards, but to no purpose. All I could get from him was: 'You should ha told me, you should ha told me; and then things wouldn't ha gone all rang.' And for years after he always spoke of me as 'the parson that put us all out.'

One parish I know where the clerk's actual words have long been inaudible, though his voice is still strong; but he faithfully repeats every response, the clergy and people simply ignoring him: he is very old, and cannot in the nature of things last many years longer. But though the congregation are used to him, he is apt to startle a stranger. Perhaps it is better that his infirmity should take the shape which it does, than that he should, as is sometimes the case, lose control of his tongue altogether. A clerical friend of mine, the rector of a small country parish, once declined at a special service to take the part which I offered to him as one of the senior clergy present, owing to, as he afterwards confided to me, this failing, telling me that on a previous Sunday he had, while saying the Litany, found himself praying for the illumination of all bishops, *beasts*, and deacons. Then there was the clerk who, on having a paper given to him on which was, among other appointed hymns, Psalm 122, sadly perplexed his hearers by giving out the one hundred and twenty-twoth psalm.

Nor must I forget another, though he was indeed less clerk than sexton, whom I knew only in his dotage, haunted by an unceasing conviction that his country was being invaded by those upon whom, in his younger days, he had looked as her hereditary enemies. I have met him, with a wild and scared look, and an old rusty sword, muttering to himself: 'The French is coming, the French is coming, and we must all be ready, all be ready.'

He was nearly blind, and much liked to hear the newspaper read—a liking of which certain wags of the village often took advantage. They would get him into the parlour of the village inn, and produce a paper, from which they would read somewhat as follows: 'Intelligence from the Seat of War.—The French have landed at Birmingham, and are marching with rapid strides towards All-kirk'—the village in which the old man lived. William—that was his name—would prick up his ears at once, and in a minute or two would disappear, and make the best of his way to a den which he had, wherein was a grindstone, with which he would set to work, doing up the sword. He then sallied forth, grumbling, and imparting the startling information to all whom he met. But as he at length frightened nearly out of their wits some children who had offended him, by pursuing them with his sword, we were obliged to steal the weapon; the loss of which it took him many months to get over, for, as he said, *they might come any day, and where would we all be then!*

Another, Tommy, who was clerk to a church in an outlying district of one of the old Lancashire parishes, is, for anything I know, still living—it is some eight years only since I last heard of him. It was the fortune of a friend of mine, whom we will call H—, to be asked to take the services one wintry Sunday in this church, some few days only after his ordination. He found a little bullet-headed man, with a lame leg and very large spectacles, awaiting him in the vestry, who saluted him abruptly with: 'Ye're in luck to-day, ye are.' My friend, though aware that he was to meet a 'character,' was somewhat taken aback; but, thinking that possibly he might have yet to learn the footing on which parsons and clerks stood towards each other, he contented himself with suggesting that it was nearly service-time and no bell had been rung. 'It'll be reet,' was the answer he got, 'it'll be reet. But ye're in luck to-day, I tell ye; we'm gotten a banns, and a banns is what we haven't had come Christmas two year.'

'Then please to put the book on the desk, and I'll give them out after the second lesson,' said my friend, who was particularly desirous that no hitch should occur in the performance of this his first single-handed service. 'And now, will you be good enough to go and ring the bell?'

'It'll be reet,' said Tommy; 'folks seed ye a-coming.' He yielded, however, to the extent of ringing for a minute or two; and the service began with him duly ensconced in the clerk's desk, where he remained only till towards the close of the psalms, when he pompously marched to the fire in the vestry, and, as soon as people sat down for the first lesson, appeared, armed with a board supporting some dozen or so of bricks. As he passed the reading-desk, he asked audibly: 'Ye'll have a 'ot brick?' H— shook his head; and Tommy, utterly regardless of the noise he was making, passed on, lightening his load as he came to each principal parishioner. 'Ot brick,' said he, and the brick was heard to drop; 'ot brick, 'ot brick,' till these primitive foot-warmers were supplied to all who needed them.

All this was trying enough to a young man in my friend's position, but he held bravely on, thankful that the clerk did nothing worse during the *Te Deum* than vigorously poke, Prayer-book in hand and singing lustily, the three fires which

warmed the church and vestry. As the second lesson drew to a close, he thought of the banns. No book was to be seen, and Tommy was seated by a fire at the west end of the building, his hands on his knees, and gazing benignly through his spectacles at the reader. As he had been assured that it would be 'reet,' he resigned himself to his fate, and let the banns take their chance for the time, being most unwilling to interrupt by any act of his the quiescent state in which he trusted his clerk would remain. There was a hymn after the third collect, however, and as the last verse commenced, he beheld him march slowly, singing the while and keeping time with his head, up the centre of the church, his hands supporting the open banns-book, with which he planted himself before the clergyman, who, the hymn being ended, meekly performed the publication. My friend now made up his mind that he would venture, if Thomas accompanied him to the vestry, to request him to refrain from undue perambulation, fire-poking, and vagaries of any kind, during the sermon. But his good intentions came to nothing, for as soon as they reached it, and loud enough for those in the church to hear, the clerk asked: 'Ye'll have a drop o' summat 'ot?'

'Certainly not,' said my friend, much scandalised, 'certainly not.'

'Whoy,' exclaimed Tommy, his eyes wide open, in real or pretended astonishment, '*our mon allus does.*'

'Our mon,' that is, the parson of the parish, was taxed with this at a dinner-party, not long afterwards; but he would not in any way own the impeachment, saying that Tommy had a brother in the public line close by the church, and that my friend had been fortunate in not finding hot whisky and water already in the vestry, to be consumed by the clerk himself, if the parson declined it.

'Oi see ye be a Durham mon,' was the next remark which H—, in the vestry after service, had to put up with. He was of Oxford, and as in duty bound, looked upon his university, and especially his college—Christ-church—as immeasurably the superiors of any like institutions that could be mentioned.

'Oi see ye be a Durham mon,' Tommy said, as he examined the hood which he had just taken off—an Oxford B.A. 'rabbitskin.'

'I'm nothing of the sort,' replied H—.

'Obbut I see ye *are*.'

'I'm Oxford, I tell you.'

'Na, na; ye beant: our mon's Oxford, and hisn is red.'

'Yes; but don't you see,' argued my friend, taking compassion upon ignorance, 'Mr B—'s is an M.A. hood; mine's a Bachelor's.'

'Ou ay, ou ay, I see: ye're not married!'

Times are altered, or, at least, are fast altering now. In these, as in greater matters,

The old order changes, giving place to the new, and, before many years are gone by, an official such as either of my Tommies will be difficult to discover indeed. But though in every picture of the clerks of the past, if not indeed of the present generation, the ludicrous side cannot but predominate, let it not be forgotten that there is another side, and that much could be written—I could write not a little myself—to shew how in their

private lives, and care for the religious upbringing of their families, many of the parish clerks of days gone by, and the very large majority of those of our own time, might well be held up as examples which none of us need be ashamed to follow.

A STORY OF THE HIMALAYA.

SOME eleven years ago, Mr Frederick Wilson, the well-known Himalayan sportsman, had entered into a contract with the Calcutta and Delhi Railway Company for a large supply of sleepers. In carrying out his contract, he cut down large numbers of pines and deodar cedar-trees, on the slopes overhanging the Ganges river, near its source, there called by the natives the Baghirati. These trees, rolled into the river, were floated down its wild and turbulent waters for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and were picked up and landed at Hurdwar—a lovely spot, where the Ganges, bursting through the mountain-barrier of the Himalaya, emerges on the plain, and changes its character from a wild and turbulent mountain torrent, to a broad and stately river. Many of the trees thus trusted to the waters were dashed to splinters against boulders and rocks, or damaged in the whirlpools and eddies of the river; but enough were saved to render the speculation a good one. The greater part of the timber was felled about fifteen days' march from Mussouri, the nearest British hill-station, the road from which, then as now, was a mere foot-path, leading over precipitous mountains, through wild gorges, across rapid torrents, tributaries to the Ganges, and was passable only on foot. Several hundred hill-coolies were employed by Mr Wilson in felling and rolling the timber into the river; and in order to pay them, he was obliged to send periodically to the bank at Mussouri for money. The Indian currency is silver—bags of rupees had therefore to be carried some fifteen days' journey on the backs of trusty natives. The mountaineers of the Himalaya are a fine, honest, and trustworthy race, and Mr Wilson entertained little fear for the safety of his occasional valuable cargoes of rupees, which had, for upwards of a year, arrived with great regularity, and without accident; but yet he never relaxed the strict precautions he had at first adopted for the safe conveyance of his treasure.

It happened that about this time Mr Wilson required two thousand rupees. He accordingly despatched two hill-coolies of noted honesty, twin-brothers, much attached to each other, in charge of a confidential head-man, there called a *chuprassie*, or belt-man, which means an overseer who wears a brass belt in token of authority. The money was drawn from the bank at Mussouri, and the party started on their return journey, adopting the prescribed precautions, which were as follows. Every hill-man, in travelling any distance, carries with him a supply of flour for his meals, which in the evening is baked into cakes or scones, heated stones being used instead of an oven; this flour is carried in a bag made of goat-skin, tied at the mouth, and the goat-skin bag is usually secured in a hempen net on the back, the ends of the net securely tied over the shoulders and under the arms, like a knapsack. Each of the coolies had a bag of a thousand rupees placed inside the flour-bag, with a sprinkling of flour over it; the bag

secured as usual in the netting, and presenting the ordinary appearance of a provision-bag. Their orders were: always to remain together; never to rest or pass the night in a village, but to bivouac in some unfrequented and sheltered spot; when it became necessary to purchase provisions, one man only was to leave the halting-place, and go to the nearest village to do so, returning at once to his companions. The chuprassie had command of the party.

In this manner they progressed several days without adventure: passing through Phedi, they toiled through the rice-fields of the hot and stifling valley of Bula, whence, gradually ascending, they crossed the pass of the Nag-tiba range, famous for its magnificent view of the snowy range—passing on through magnificent forests of oak, beech, and chestnut, they reached the picturesque village of Laluri, with its walnut groves—whence, descending again over grassy slopes, they struck the Ganges near Than. From here, for some thirty or forty miles, they had to move up the valley, mostly along the banks of the river. Leaving this again, they had to struggle up a precipitous hill-side, amidst some of the grandest scenery of India, and passing over an elevation of about ten thousand feet, they again descended to the banks of the river, and pursued a rugged path amidst crags and boulders; and late on the evening of the fourth or fifth day, they found shelter in a small cave near the bridge of Dangal, which they would have to cross the following morning.

The bridge of Dangal, which here spans a narrow chasm of the Ganges, was the most dangerous part of their journey. The river, narrowed and hemmed in between mighty rocks, rushes along its rugged bed with fearful impetuosity and a noise like thunder: it is here of great depth, but only about fifteen yards across. The bridge is of the very rudest construction: two trunks of trees, loosely secured together by twigs, and only attached to either shore by loose stones placed on their extremities, form a tremulous and insecure passage, about twenty feet above the surface of the boiling torrent. The hardy mountaineers, even when unweighted, have to cross with the utmost care and precaution; but for the coolie carrying a burden, the passage is indeed a dangerous ordeal, and more than one unfortunate native has been known to expiate with his life a trip or stumble on this deadly bridge. The early summer sun had hardly commenced to tinge with purple the distant snow-peaks, when our party arrived at the Dangal bridge. The chuprassie, with many words of caution, started the elder brother across; when the elder had safely got halfway, he bade the younger follow, he himself bringing up the rear. When nearly across, the ear of the elder was startled by a shriek louder than the loud roaring of the torrent, but, terrified and trembling, he dared not look round till he had gained the further shore. When able to look, he saw the chuprassie, pale and ghastly, alone on the bridge. A hasty glance to the river revealed an arm tossed wildly over the foaming waters, and his hapless twin-brother disappeared in an eddy of the boiling stream. There was no hope for him; the icy coldness of the water and fearful violence of the stream were equally fatal to human life; and in an agony of grief, the unhappy coolie threw himself on the ground and wept. The chuprassie joined him, and

explained that in the middle of the bridge his brother had stumbled, overbalanced himself, and fallen, and that he could not possibly render assistance. 'Khuda Ra Rhushi, Kismut hai' ('It is God's will, it is his fate'), the unhappy brother said at length; and sadly resuming their journey, they at last reached their destination, and reported the untoward circumstance to their master. Mr Wilson questioned them both closely, but could find no ground for suspicion. The coolie's affection for his brother was well known; the chuprassie had long been a trusted and faithful servant; no motive for crime was assignable, and such accidents were, alas, too common in the Himalaya. He thought, however, he would make an effort, however hopeless, to recover the thousand rupees lost with the unfortunate coolie. With great trouble he constructed a raft of strong logs; had it floated to the spot where the unfortunate man disappeared, and preparing hooks and grapnels, commenced to drag the river for his body. For two days he laboured at this work, at the imminent risk of being overwhelmed by the torrent. He alone ventured on the raft, which numerous coolies held to the shore by strong ropes, letting it float down-stream as he directed by signs, for the voice could not be heard amidst the awful roarings of the torrent. Towards the close of the second day, the drag was caught in something soft, and from a fissure in a rock the mangled body of the unhappy man was raised, the grappling-iron having caught the network inclosing the flour-bag. Mr Wilson congratulated himself on having recovered his money; since, had not the man been jammed in a fissure of the rock, the violence of the water must have separated the bag from the man's body. On opening it, however, what was Mr Wilson's consternation to find that the bag contained, not a sack of one thousand rupees, but a heavy round stone! Suspecting foul-play, he at once hurried home, secured the two companions, and brought them before the Rajah of Tere, a native protected prince, in whose territory the event had happened, and whose subjects the prisoners were. No proof against either of them could be obtained, and both protested their entire innocence. But native justice does not always require strict legal evidence. The rajah considered that the substitution of stone for money was evidence of some one's guilt. The brother, he considered, being in front, was absolved from suspicion at least of the murder; but the chuprassie, who followed the murdered man, was the suspected, and must be the guilty party: he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labour, and was removed, amid loud protestations of his innocence and probity.

Mr Wilson left the rajah's court puzzled and unsatisfied: he had trusted the man—he could not account for the matter, yet felt doubts as to the justice of the rajah's sentence, but in the busy transactions of life, soon began to forget this mysterious occurrence. About a year had passed when a messenger reached him from the rajah, that his quondam chuprassie, the convict, had confessed his crime, and, probably in hopes of pardon, was prepared to make restitution of the stolen property. He hurried to the court, and heard the prisoner's confession. Love, it appeared, was the motive of the chuprassie's crime. He had become enamoured of a beautiful maiden in a neighbouring village; but the price demanded by her

parents (for in that country wives are purchased from the parents) was utterly beyond his means; and to obtain his desire, he resolved on stealing one of the thousand rupee bags. This he set about with consummate skill. When, at the end of a toilsome march, they reached the cave near Dangal, he despatched the elder brother to a village two miles off to purchase provisions. Hardly had he gone, when he despatched the other brother a mile off to the nearest forest, to gather firewood. During the interval, he withdrew the bag of rupees from the younger brother's sack, buried it under the sand in the cave, and substituted a stone of nearly the same shape and weight. The younger brother first returned with the firewood; the elder coming shortly after with provisions, never learned that the chuprassie had been left alone in charge of the treasure. Crossing the bridge the following morning, he caused the elder to go first, the younger next, he himself last, and, when unnoticed, he, with his long stick, tripped up the unhappy man by the leg—never thinking that the crime could possibly be discovered. Having unburdened his mind, the convict led his late master to the cave, pointed out where he had concealed the treasure, where it was found intact, and restored to the owner.

One lovely summer evening, after a hard day's hunting, while enjoying our weed, and reclining on the grass, not half a mile from Dangal Bridge, and within sound of its roaring torrent, this story was told to us by one who had no small share in the elucidation of the mystery. I tell it as it was told to me.

OFFENDERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ANTIQUITY casts a glamour over other things besides historic remains and ruins hoar. We skip the police reports in our daily paper; we turn from the penny-a-liner's sickening details of latest murder; and yet we must confess to having taken pleasure in perusing certain records of misdeeds done in a long-past age, and own we found them very pretty reading.

When England was ruled by the Plantagenets, no tenderness was shewn to those who adulterated goods, or committed any other tricks of trade. Any one ambitious of the pillory might easily indulge his taste. He had only to pass off latten rings for gold ones, charge a mark for a twopenny garland, pick a pocket, or let his tongue wag too freely, and there he was. If the weather were cold, he could be accommodated with a fire, providing he exposed unwholesome meat, stinking fish, putrid poultry, or game rather too far gone, for sale; for then the condemned victuals were burned under his nose. If he desired to treat the 'prentices of Chepe with a bonfire, the setting forth a lot of rubbishy wares as good would infallibly lead to his whim being gratified. The privilege of being drawn upon a hurdle through the streets of London was to be won by making bread of bad flour; but to guard against its abuse, no baker was allowed to carry on the trade after enjoying three rides at the public expense. The kneaders of dough were ever receiving polite attentions from the City officials. On January 3, 1310, the bread of Sarra Foting, Christina Terrie, Godiyeve Foting, Matilda de Bolington, Christina Pricket, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Joanna de Cauntebrige, and Isabella

Pouveste, all fair, or rather unfair, bakeresses of Stratford, was taken by the sheriffs, and weighed before the mayor and aldermen, and every half-penny loaf found to be more than four ounces short of its lawful weight. As the bread was cold, and ought, according to the custom, to have been weighed when hot, it was not declared forfeited, but was sold off at the rate of three loaves for a penny, and the money handed over to the delinquents; at the same time it was decreed that the proceeds of future sales of the sort should be paid over to the authorities. In 1327, ten bakers were indicted for robbing their customers in a new way. When people brought their dough to be baked, these rascals put it upon a moulding-board, having a hole bored in it, 'made after the manner of a mouse-trap, there being a certain wicket warily provided for closing and opening such hole.' Underneath this, hidden from sight, sat a man, who craftily withdrew some of the dough, bit by bit, 'to the scandal and disgrace of the whole City.' After taking long counsel together, the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs came to the conclusion that, although no one appeared to prosecute, 'the said deed was a species of theft, and that it was neither consonant with right nor pleasing to God such false deceit and malice should go unpunished; the more especially as all who took their bread to the said bakers had been wickedly deceived and suffered great loss.' It was therefore ordained that every baker beneath whose moulding-table dough had been found, should stand in the pillory with some of the stolen dough suspended from his neck; and those in whose places no dough had been discovered should be pilloried without any adornment; if any of them committed the same offence a second time, they were to be turned out of the City for ever.

Gentlemen of an inventive turn of mind found the City of London an unpleasant dwelling-place. In 1364, John de Hakford was convicted of telling a friend there were ten thousand men ready to rise and slay the chief people of the City: he was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and a day, and to stand in the pillory for three hours once a quarter, coming out of Newgate, for the purpose, 'without hood or girdle, barefoot and unshod, with a whetstone hung by a chain from his neck and lying on his breast, it being marked with the words *A false liar*, and there shall be a pair of trumpets trumpeting before him on his way.' In 1371, a man was pilloried for reporting that it was about to be proclaimed that alien merchants might sell merchandise as freely as the freemen themselves; that no pleas were to be pleaded in the City, but only before the king's justices at Westminster; and that Newgate was to be abolished, and its inmates removed to the Tower. One Bertram had to stand in the pillory five successive days, with *two* whetstones hanging from his neck: a large one in token of a lie he had told about the mayor, and a smaller one in token of a lie about some less important individual. In 1382, an indiscreet maltman amused himself by spreading a report that the mayor had been sent to the Tower; and in order that others might beware of telling such lies, he was ordered to be taken to Newgate, and from thence to the pillory in Cornhill, to remain there one hour, bearing, of course, the liar's burden, and then to be carried back to prison to be confined until further orders.

Those guilty of contempt of court, or who spoke

evil of magistrates, were handsomely punished. In 1290, Strage, the sweeper of litter in Chepe, was sent to the Tun for saying the aldermen took the money of the commonalty for the support of City orphans, and spent it upon themselves. In Richard II.'s reign, a reckless boaster swearing that for half a houseful of gold he would call the chief magistrate a scoundrel, and fight him at Horsleydown, expiated his bragging by twelve months' imprisonment. Such offenders were sometimes permitted to compromise matters; thus, the insulter of an alderman was released upon giving surety for a tun of wine, to be forthcoming whenever the offended dignitary chose to demand it; another rash man who dared to curse a sergeant in the presence of the mayor, was let off 'this once' upon promising, in case of again offending, to pay forty shillings towards the repairing of London Bridge; while Roger Torold, who had publicly defied Mayor Leggy, and vowed if he caught him outside the City walls he would take care the mayor never got inside them alive, escaped worse punishment by presenting Leggy with a hundred tuns of wine, and binding himself in the sum of forty pounds to keep a civil tongue in his head for the future. A bolder offender—but then he was in the king's service—made still better terms. He had drawn his sword upon an alderman, and wounded a constable, because they prevented him killing a tailor. For this he was condemned to lose his hand, to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned a year and a day; but 'other lords' interceding for him, the sentence was remitted upon condition that he carried a lighted wax-candle, weighing three pounds, from the Guildhall to St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and there offered it at the altar; which he was only too glad to do.

Plantagenet London ought to have enjoyed quiet nights, when a girl could be imprisoned for carrying a fardel of clothes about its streets after curfew; but there were worse night-birds abroad to disturb its repose than belated damsels, such as the swaggering 'chaplain' sent to the Tun for carrying weapons against the City's peace; the braggart who went about beating peaceable passengers, not armed like himself with sword and buckler; and the night-walker, bruiser and 'rorer,' whose daylight hours were devoted to inveigling strangers into taverns and fleecing them by the aid of false dice; to say nothing of a common 'wagabund' like one John Blome, or the uncommon one, whose offence consisted in being well clothed, although he had no business by which to support himself, nor any rental as he pretended. If the waifs of the City had a bad time of it, folk of better repute had to mind their Ps and Qs. In 1322, John Walderhef, a sworn sergeant of the City, was accused of impeding the collection of the aid granted to the king (Edward II.) for his wars in Scotland, and of spreading abroad so much discontent among the good men of London, that unless he were entirely removed from its counsel, no small strife would make its appearance among great and small, and the end of the City ensue. The sergeant not caring to face his accusers, was deprived of his freedom, and, 'as for pleading for any one in the City for the future,' the sentence declared he should 'remain silenced.' In 1382, an alderman was punished in a humorous fashion for being too economical. It had been agreed that when the mayor and aldermen went, according to ancient

custom, in procession from St Peter's in Cornhill to St Paul's, upon the Feast of Pentecost, the aldermen should be arrayed in green cloaks, lined with green taffeta; John Sely, alderman of Walbrook, had, however, the hardihood to appear in a single cloak without a lining. For this he was then and there ordered to prepare a dinner at his private house on the following Thursday for the mayor and his brethren, and to get his cloak properly lined forthwith; 'and so it was done.'

In 1379, a fellow named Pyhemye called at the house of the Countess of Norfolk with a message from the king, commanding her ladyship's presence the next day at Leeds Castle, receiving forty pence for his pains. The following day he called at the Countess of Bedford's, with a verbal invitation from His Majesty to dine with him at Eltham, with a less profitable result. The false messenger was given into custody, and, after refunding the forty pence, had to stand in the pillory once for each lie; being then remitted to Newgate until the king pleased to order his release, with an injunction that when he left prison he was to depart out of the City, on pain of having his ears cut off if he was ever caught venturing within its limits. In 1382, a 'Duchysman' named Pot, hearing one Gardiner had lost a drinking-cup, volunteered to discover who had stolen it. Having made thirty-two balls of white clay, and 'done sorcery' over them, he pronounced the thief to be a woman, Christina Fremen; and Gardiner, believing in his conjuration, accused her of having robbed him. For thus defaming his wife, Nicholas Fremen had the wizard before the mayor, who sent him to the pillory. Robert Berewold, another wise man, came to grief in just the same way; but his magical performance was done with a loaf of bread having four knives stuck in it in the form of a cross; while his dupe was compelled to go to church the following Sunday and publicly acknowledge that he had falsely accused his neighbour. In the same year, Roger Clerk, of Wandsworth, appeared to answer a complaint that he, neither experienced in the art of physic, nor understanding anything of letters, went to the house of Roger atte Hacche in Ironmonger Lane, and gave him to understand he could cure his wife of certain bodily infirmities, receiving twelve pence as part-payment of a larger sum to be given him when the cure was complete. He then produced an old piece of parchment cut or scratched across, rolled it up in some cloth of gold, and put it about the patient's neck. He assured the court that the parchment was a sure charm for fevers, being inscribed with a certain invocation of Christ in Latin. Upon examination no writing at all was found, and then the rascal owned to the court that a piece of straw under her foot would have been just as effectual. He was sent to the pillory with more than ordinary ceremony, being mounted upon a saddleless horse, with the parchment and a whetstone dangling from his neck, and thus paraded through the middle of the City to the sound of the trumpet and fife. Two instances of beggars being brought to book are worth noticing. In the first, a couple of Somersetshire rogues were the actors in chief. These worthies, though stout enough to work, and provided with tongues to talk with, pretended to be mutes, and went about carrying two ell measures, an iron hook and pincers, and a piece of leather shaped like part of a tongue, upon which was

written: 'This is the tongue of John Wade.' By opening their mouths, making a horrible noise like roaring, and sundry pantomimic signs, they made people understand that they had been waylaid by robbers, had their tongues drawn out by the hook, and cut off with the pincers, 'to the defrauding of other poor and infirm persons.' William Blakeney was the hero of the other imposture; a bare-footed, long-haired scamp, passing himself for a hermit returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, Venice, Jerusalem, and Seville. This cheat was a paying one, for the rascal owned to having lived by it for half-a-dozen years.

The pestilent right of sanctuary in churches was a fruitful cause of social disorder. In 1275, Gervase le Noreys and William de Lindeseye disagreeing about something, the latter ended the dispute by killing Gervase. Then he fled to the chapel of St Mary Berkingeherche; after remaining there a few days he acknowledged his crime in the presence of the chamberlain and sheriffs, and solemnly abjured the realm, and was ordered to depart the land, by way of Dover, within three days. All his goods and chattels were confiscated; not that he lost much by that, seeing they consisted, all told, of a coat worth tenpence, a sheet worth fourpence, a hatchet, and one bow with three arrows, value twopence. In 1278, Richard de Codesfold fled to St Mary's, Staining Lane, hotly pursued by a cutler he had robbed, the thief proving fleetest of foot. Determined that he should not escape, a number of citizens took it in turn to watch the church day and night. One evening a watcher named Henry de Lanfare heard a noise, and suspecting the thief was getting through a broken window, rushed round to the place. Upon this the clerk of the church, who was inside with the robber, thrust a headless lance through the hole in the window, and wounded Henry de Lanfare unto death. For this, the clerk was arrested, but those who took him to prison dared not touch the cause of crime. Twenty years later such a thing could not have happened, for it was then ordered that no murderer, thief, or other evildoer taking refuge in a church should be watched so long as he remained therein.

If murderers were often allowed to escape with their lives, it was not because our ancestors had any qualms about the propriety of capital punishment. They hanged burglars, and it was death to bathe in the fosses of the Tower. In 1340, during Andrew Aubrey's mayoralty, the fishmongers and the pelters or furriers came to blows in the streets. The mayor and aldermen arrested some of the rioters. Attempting to rescue the prisoners, a brewer's porter wounded one of the City sergeants, and another man took the mayor himself by the throat, but, quickly overpowered, they were seized, taken to the Guildhall, tried, condemned, and beheaded in Chepe. When Edward III. then at Ghent, heard of this sharp work, he wrote to the mayor: 'We do signify unto you that upon what has been so done to the said misdoers, to the punishment of the bad and the comforting of the good, we do greatly congratulate you; and your doing therein do accept, and, so much as in us lies, do ratify the same. And we do let you know for certain that contempts and outrages so committed against our servants, we do hold as being committed against ourselves; and if you had not acted in such manner therein, we should have

taken the same so grievously as towards yourselves and the franchises of our said City, that it would have been an example to you and all your successors in time to come.' Edward was evidently not a man to treat where he could command. Yet in 1354 we find him writing in a very different strain on behalf of an offender. Robert de Thame, citizen and mercer, for some offence had been deprived of his citizenship, and fined. Not content with thus punishing him, the City rulers had put up a tablet in the Guildhall recording the fact. The mercer was fortunate in having a friend at court—the Princess Isabel—who so enlisted her father's sympathy in his behalf, that Edward wrote to the mayor and aldermen upon the matter, saying: 'We, having compassion on his state, and more especially at the request of Isabel, our most dear daughter, who has entreated us most urgently in his behalf, do dearly pray you, as you at other times do pray, that, holding deliberation and counsel among yourselves on this matter, you will cause the name of the said Robert de Thame to be removed from the tablet before mentioned, and will kindly order that he be restored to the freedom of the said City in such manner as he was before the impeachment; upon doing which we will greatly thank you for the same.' A royal request so couched could not well be denied, but it shews that in the days of our proudest kings the Mayor of London was indeed lord of the City; as, indeed, he would seem to have been a couple of centuries nearer our own time, for does not Manningham tell us that Fleetwood, the recorder, sent a man to jail for saying, after eating his fill of bread and cheese, that he had supped as well as my lord mayor!

M A R I A N.

CHAPTER XI.

'My dears, I have thought of such a good plan,' said Lady Augusta one morning, as she came down earlier than usual to breakfast, and with a brighter look on her kind face than had been there since the day that Marian had left Ellisdean. 'I thought of it last night when I couldn't sleep, for I've been sleeping so badly since there has been all this trouble. But now I do think we may get dear Marian back again.'

'How do you propose to manage it, mamma?' said Kate, shrugging her shoulders, as she looked up from a letter she was reading. 'Here are a few lines from her saying that I mustn't go to Holly Bank to-day, for that she will be too busy to see me. Busy! What can she have to do? I suppose she means that she will be cutting out more shirts. When I rode over the day before yesterday, I found her sitting in the parlour, toiling through an enormous web of linen, and she had scarcely time to speak to me for two minutes. It is quite true what Frank says; her aunt works her like a slave, and Marian submits 'as if she were a baby. It is a little too provoking.'

'But I am glad she knows how to make shirts; that's what I say to Everard; she will be such a good wife for Frank, even if they are poor.—Where's your husband gone, Harriet? I hurried down early, that I might speak to him. I wanted to tell him of the plan I had thought of before he went to see his father.'

'I don't know where he's gone,' said Mrs Everard peevishly. 'I heard him say he was going to Whiteford to-day, and then to Holly Bank, to try to see Miss Gilmour. I wanted him to call with me to-day at some places; but since there has been this fuss about Frank and Marian, no one can think of anybody but them. So I suppose I must go by myself, unless Kate chooses to attend to me a little, now that Marian doesn't want her.'

'But, my dear, you can't have the carriage to-day, for I want to go to Whiteford too, to talk to Frank about my plan, and then I must see Marian. I thought that, if you wished for a drive, you might come with me.'

'Thank you—no; I don't want to see Marian; I've no fancy for perpetually driving to Holly Bank. I think it is very extraordinary that I'm not to have the carriage because you want to call on Marian.'

'But, dear Harriet, I'm so anxious to tell her my plan.'

'I wish you would tell it to us, mamma. But unless you intend to carry off Marian by force, you know she won't leave her aunt just now. Frank says she resists all *his* persuasions, and, of course, she won't mind ours.'

'But I don't mean that she must come to us now. Indeed, I promised Everard I wouldn't press her to do that. I'm sure I wish Everard hadn't made me promise not to speak to her about coming back until he had seen Miss Gilmour; for I felt that it seemed unkind to poor Marian to say nothing about it.'

'You need not vex yourself about that, mamma,' said Kate, seeming, however, vexed herself. 'I spoke to her about coming back to us on the day that I saw her, and she at once said it was impossible. I don't quite understand Marian; I hope Frank does;' and Kate glanced discontentedly again at her note. It was a very loving little note, and there was a blot near the end of it, where a tear might have fallen. But Kate was a little out of temper with everybody. She missed Marian's pleasant companionship, and was angry with her for leaving them. She missed Frank, who had returned to his duties at Whiteford, principally that he might be nearer to Holly Bank. She was vexed with Everard for the hard, cold, business-like manner in which he treated the present difficulty, for his want of sympathy with her mother's anxiety to get Marian back, and for the perseverance with which he went day by day to call on Miss Gilmour, in the hope of getting her to hold to the bargain from which she was desirous of escaping. Kate's spirit revolted at all this haggling, even while she was forced to admit that it was partly necessary. She had always disliked Miss Gilmour, and it hurt her pride to feel that they, the Crawfords of Ellisdean, must submit thus to wait on the uncertain generosity of this blunt, capricious, disagreeable old woman, who had it in her power to blight Frank's happiness, and injure his prospects. She thought that Marian, too, was not quite regardful enough of his feelings or of her own dignity in shewing so little reluctance to remain with her aunt in a sort of forced attendance on her former lover. It did not occur to her that Marian was obliged to consider her own dignity in another way, and that, knowing as she well did the terms on which Everard Crawford was insisting, and which she saw no hope of her aunt's

agreeing to, she shrank with some natural pride from the idea of returning to Ellisdean so long as such an important member of the family would look upon her presence there as an additional embarrassment. She, too, had been disappointed and hurt by Lady Augusta's silence as to her return. Even Kate's warm appeals to her to come back to them had betrayed to her some of the confusion and discord which prevailed amongst them on the subject of her engagement, and she had felt it best to refuse the invitation; while she could not, of course, complain either to Kate or to Frank himself of the silence which the wiser heads of the family thought fitting to preserve on the subject.

'Well, mamma, what is your plan?' said Kate.

'My plan is, that Frank should leave the army, and that he should marry Marian at once, and that they should come and live'—

'Here at Ellisdean!' exclaimed Mrs Everard, who had been sulkily reflecting over her disappointment about the carriage. 'I never heard of such a plan! I wonder what next. To bring two paupers here to live upon us and fill up the house! Well, I think, Lady Augusta, you might have consulted Everard and me before you proposed such a scheme. And *my* sisters and their children can never come to pay a proper visit here because there is said to be no room for them.'

'It's because they require so much room, Harriet. But I don't mean that Frank and Marian are to live here, though I'm sure that would be very nice; but my plan is that Frank should have one of the farms. There's that large one—Bridge End; the old lease is out, you know; and the house is very good, and only requires a little painting and papering, and a few alterations, to be quite pretty, though it is only a farmhouse. But your grandfather, you know, Kate, lived there with his wife after their marriage; and I think it might do for Frank very well. And there is a nice little garden, and Marian could have her flowers; and it is close to the river, and Frank could have his fishing. And as for the farming, oh, I daresay he could manage that quite well. He might get some good man to take the charge, and then Everard could help him. And so they might live there quite comfortably, and not be dependent at all on Miss Gilmour; and how glad I should be to escape having anything more to do with that tiresome woman! Think how pleasant it would be to have them settled so close to us—how much nicer even than if Frank were to remain in the army, and perhaps be ordered away, we don't know where. They might come here constantly—to dinner, I mean—so that wouldn't fill up the house, Harriet. And I could drive over to take tea with Marian. And they could live so cheaply, for of course Frank would only pay a small rent; indeed, I think he ought to get the farm for nothing. And we should send them game, and fruit, and vegetables; and Marian would have her dairy and her poultry. You remember how fond she used to be of going to feed the chickens, and what a fancy she took to all the little pigs! I am sure she would make a good farmer's wife.—Well, isn't it a nice plan? I wonder what Everard will say to it. I wonder nobody thought of it before.'

'And I wonder that you don't propose that Frank should get half the estate at once for nothing!' indignantly exclaimed Harriet, who, little as she cared for Ellisdean as a home, was

yet quite alive, both to her own importance as the future mistress of it, and to her interests in its rental. 'Why, Everard says that Bridge End is the very best farm on the property, and that it has always been shamefully under-rented. I know he means to let it now for a great deal more money. He says if it is properly managed, that it should increase our income very much. The idea of giving it to Frank!'

'My dear, you speak as if nothing ought to be given to Frank, and nothing done for him and Marian,' said Lady Augusta sharply, for during the last few days she had been perpetually annoyed by the spiteful satisfaction with which Mrs Everard had kept talking of the downfall of Marian's heiress-ship, and of her own wise objections to the match from the very first. Now, she was still further irritated by the contempt with which her triumphantly disclosed scheme had been received, and for the first time her insolent daughter-in-law was made to understand that even good-natured Lady Augusta's patience had its limits.

Unfortunately, her anger, as sometimes happens with the anger of very placid people, now rather degenerated into an ebullition of nervous excitement, and she said what she was afterwards extremely sorry for.

'You seem to forget that Frank has a right to something. He's only the younger son, poor fellow, and the estate is unluckily so burdened that there is but little for him. But we all know, and you ought to remember it too, that some day or other he, or at least his children, if it please God that he and Marian shall have any, will live here. And why should you and Everard grudge him a little share now of what must come to him by-and-by?'

Then Harriet burst into tears; and Lady Augusta, full of contrition, but still not quite understanding the real cause of her angry tears, tried to soothe her.

'My dear, I shouldn't have said it. But don't vex yourself. You know I didn't mean to be unkind; and, after all, we mustn't mind these things too much. You know everything's for the best, and we ought to bear our crosses patiently; and though you have no children, dear, you have a kind husband, who would do anything to make you happy; and all I want is that you should feel a little for poor Frank, who is as fond of Marian as Everard is of you, and that you should be willing to help him a little, and that you shouldn't speak unkindly of poor dear Marian. It's not her fault, you know, that she will have no money, though I can't help hoping that her aunt will give her something after all, for I cannot understand how any one could be long angry with Marian. Perhaps Miss Gilmour doesn't like the idea of her going to India; you know Frank's regiment may be sent there. But when she hears of this plan of mine, she may agree to her marriage, and everything may come right again. And, my dear Harriet, you mustn't fret over what can't be helped. Everybody has disappointments of some kind or other to bear; and think what a disappointment poor Frank has got about the fortune that Marian should have had! But we shan't mind about the fortune so long as we don't lose Marian herself; and they can't marry on nothing, and so we must try to

arrange some way of providing for them. And now, as Everard isn't at home, I shall just go at once and talk over my plan with his father. I'm sure he will approve of it, for he is so fond of Marian, and he will be so glad to have her settled close to us.'

And with some modifications, the plan was at last approved of, not only by old Mr Crawford, but even by Everard. The modifications, indeed, were very important, and Lady Augusta began to look blank and anxious again when she found that Frank was not to have the farm rent-free; that none of the alterations and embellishments she had pleased herself in devising for the house were to be made; that Frank would be required to devote his time to something else than amusement, and must even make up his mind to give up a good many of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed all his life; and above all, that Marian must bring with her a certain amount of dowry, without which the whole scheme of Arcadian felicity must fall to the ground. Here was the difficulty.

Everard, however, was not discouraged, though all his previous attempts to see and to remonstrate with Miss Gilmour had failed. As for Frank, it was useless for him to try to obtain an interview with her, nor indeed did he himself much desire one. He, like his sister, chafed under the feeling of dependence on her pleasure, and longed rather to defy her to do her worst. 'I'd like to carry you off under her old nose,' said he, in answer to Marian's exhortations to him not to irritate her still more by coming, as he often did, and taking up his position in the parlour just at the hour when Miss Gilmour liked to sit there. He took a mischievous pleasure in haunting the place, partly, indeed, with the design of waylaying Marian, but also because, in his rage at her aunt, he sometimes felt inclined to waylay her too, and force her to listen to his reproaches. Marian lived in constant terror of some such piece of imprudence on his part, and often herself contrived to get the old lady out of his way, not only because she was afraid of their quarrelling, but because she saw that her aunt was actually physically unable to bear the agitation and excitement of the meeting. Her health, usually so good, had been shaken by the violent emotions which Neil Gilmour's return, as from the dead, had caused her, and by her own incessant watching over his sick-bed. Her anxiety about his health—her dread even of his recovery, which she feared would only be followed by his second desertion of her, this time, however, on account of Marian's engagement to another—her intense longing for the accomplishment of her own former scheme of their marriage, all preyed on her mind; and though her failing strength made her sometimes only more exacting and irritable, Marian could not but feel some compassion for the cause of the irritability, and therefore bore with it more patiently, and treated her aunt with more consideration than her lover believed there was any necessity for. Frank himself tried her patience nearly as much. He did not perhaps appear to advantage at this time, for he was no hero—only a pleasant, kind-hearted, tolerably amiable young man, of ordinary capacities both for good and evil; and though he bore the vexation of losing the money he had been depending on getting, with, on the whole, praiseworthy

equanimity, he was not so patient under the immediate daily vexation of being able to see Marian only occasionally, and of being forced to let her remain at Holly Bank. They had still constant disputes over this last grievance, and all her endeavours to soothe his jealous resentment at the idea of her position there were only partially successful. And at last, worn out by these continually recurring quarrels, she began to shrink from his visits, which only left her more uneasy and unhappy, and which made her aunt more and more fretful with her. She loved him as well as ever, but perhaps a little of the illusion of love was fading away, as she saw that he too could be selfish, and exacting, and unreasonable. Nor did she quite do him justice, for in his anxiety to keep her from imagining that he cared too much about the change in her fortune, he sometimes seemed to her to be wanting in thoughtfulness and sympathy, when he was really only trying to cheer her by some of his old, careless, merry nonsense. And so these difficult, half-stolen meetings lost a great deal of their sweetness, and were, indeed, rather unsatisfactory to both of them.

Miss Gilmour in the meantime was almost ludicrously afraid of encountering any one of the Crawfords; but above all, did she dread meeting Everard. She really had liked him, and had been on such friendly terms with him, that she scarcely knew how to face him, with the grimness and resolution which she might have exhibited towards the others. She had shrewdness enough to appreciate his diplomatic talents, and to fear them. If she gave him the audience he desired, she felt that all her own plan of action would be in danger. She could not scold and snarl at him, as she might have done with the less cautious and temperate Frank. She would, on the contrary, have to find excuses and apologies for her conduct, and she was quite conscious of the difficulty of doing so. She was not ashamed of being tyrannical and unjust to her niece. Marian was accustomed to her humours, and need not wonder at them. But she had been flattered by Everard Crawford's skillfully implied respect for her opinion, and in return had begun to value his. Therefore she shrank from a discussion with him in which she must certainly come off with so little credit.

She again refused to see him now. Then he wrote to her, explaining the new plan for enabling the young couple to marry, and representing the necessity of her assistance. Miss Gilmour was not given to letter-writing; she called in Marian to her help as usual, but she did not shew her Everard's letter. Marian wrote to her dictation, or rather, being given the substance of what Miss Gilmour wished to say, the secretary put it into fitting words. She had to write, too, as if from herself, though, of course, saying that she did so by her aunt's directions, for Miss Gilmour disliked even having to sign her name, and Marian was so accustomed to conduct for her any correspondence which was necessary, that it seemed quite natural for her to begin her letter with the familiar phrase: 'I am desired by my aunt to say, in reply to your letter, &c.' What she did say was, that in the present state of Miss Gilmour's health, she found it impossible either to see Mr Crawford or to hold any discussion with him, even by letter, on the subject he spoke of. The girl did not guess, as she wrote these brief sentences, sadly, indeed, but sup-

posing that Everard had been merely proposing one of those discussions which she already knew to be useless—that she was signifying her aunt's refusal to agree even to a compromise of the difficulty—such a compromise, too, as the Crawfords had a right to expect to be patiently considered.

Everard's patience failed him when he read her note. He had been sufficiently vexed and worried already by his wife's obstinate ill-humour at the proposed plan. Ever since her squabble with Lady Augusta, Mrs Everard had brooded sullenly over her mother-in-law's inconsiderate speech, and though a kind of reconciliation had taken place between them—for Lady Augusta could never be made to take up or keep up a quarrel—an angry bitterness still rankled in her heart, and gradually shaped itself into an obstinate determination to oppose Marian's marriage by every means in her power. She grew positively wretched when she found that her husband was exerting himself to forward the marriage, and she was correspondingly rejoiced at Miss Gilmour's rejection of his mediation. Her exultation annoyed him. 'Be quiet, Harriet!' he growled sternly, as she sneeringly read and commented on Marian's note. 'I may have exposed myself, as you say, to this impertinence, by my interference; but, at all events, it doesn't become you to enjoy it, as you seem to do. I should like you to tell me, if you can, how we could have hit upon a better way of portioning off Frank, without burdening the estate more, than by letting him have this farm on the terms I had fixed. But, of course, if Miss Gilmour will do nothing, I can't afford to run the risk of a bad tenant, who has no kind of security to offer. So, whether you've been right or not, I hope you'll keep these speeches to yourself in future. You've given us all trouble enough already with your senseless jealousy of Marian.'

Poor Mrs Everard, as she stared in amazement at this rebuke from her usually obsequious husband, began to think that Marian's influence was indeed to be her bane, if it made even Everard turn against her. She made no reply, for she was cowed and startled by his change of manner; and his reproof seemed to have done good, for she now never spoke of Marian at all, and much to the relief of Lady Augusta and Kate, shut herself up very much in her own room, where her long-suffering maid endured her society as best she could.

It was on the day after she had sent off the letter to Everard that Marian again saw Frank. He had taken Miss Gilmour's repulse of the last proposition more indifferently than he would have done if the plan had been more agreeable to himself. But though he was willing to sacrifice a good deal for Marian, he did not like to give up his profession, and he strongly objected to several of his brother's stipulations with regard to the offered farm. He had no objections to take to farming, if it were necessary, and he was ready enough to work hard; but he did not enjoy the prospect of having to submit to Everard's interference and constant supervision. He would rather, he said, go out at once to the bush, and rough it there with Marian by themselves. But his mother's entreaties and his affection for Marian prevailed, and he agreed to the scheme which was likely to please both of them most. On the whole, however, though he was a little vexed with the careless tone of Marian's

note, he was not very sorry to find himself at liberty to suggest something else.

Marian was at work in the parlour. She hastily huddled aside the shirt she was making as he came in, and took up something else. She knew by experience that their conversation was likely to flow more easily when she kept out of sight those labours which her aunt required from her. She had tried once to make a joke of them, and had called Frank to admire her skill as a needle-woman; but it would not do; and now the deftly made shirts, and the delicately stitched collars and wristbands, were always kept out of his way. It might have been wiser of her to have braved his jealousy of them, for sometimes it only annoyed him more to know that she was only waiting for him to be gone to return to them with increased zeal. But she was losing spirit for these lovers' quarrels, and now tried only to keep him in good-humour.

She looked up at him now, as he came in, with the patient, wearied smile which he now knew well. Somehow, it was beginning to irritate him; he would have been better pleased to find her in tears.

'Come out with me, Marian, for five minutes. Put that sewing away. This room is suffocating. How can you sit here?'

She laughed. 'I'm used to it, Frank. I can breathe in it very well now. But I'll come with you to the door—for five minutes. I was out all this morning, and—I'm tired.' It was quite true. She was very tired. But she was flushed with the heat, and did not look ill.

'You never used to be tired at Ellisdean.'

'O yes, I was, sometimes. But come; I'm not too tired to take one little turn with you, only—come this way.'

'What! Down that abominable little avenue? I hate it! I hate the sight of these dreary holly bushes, and we shall be on the road in half a minute. Come along this path—towards Ellisdean.'

'No, dear Frank, not that way.'

'Pshaw! Why not? Is your aunt?'

'She is taking a turn that way herself, and—Neil is with her.'

'So he's better, then?'

'Yes; he's better. He's able to be out.'

'And you were out this morning, I suppose'—He stopped.

'I was at Whiteford this morning,' she replied with some impatience too; 'I had shopping to do.'

'Oh! He looked at his watch. The five minutes were running away, and he had no more time to spend with her that morning.

'Marian,' he said hastily, 'I've come to ask you something. You wrote to Everard yesterday'—

'Yes; Aunt Sarah made me.'

'I know. Never mind; it's all right. I'm rather glad she won't see him. But listen to me. What do you say to Australia?'

'Australia!' she exclaimed, shuddering. 'O no—no!'

'Why do you say no? What are you afraid of? Darling! did you not tell me once that you would go with me anywhere?'

'But not to Australia. I couldn't go there.' She was thinking of Neil Gilmour's inclination to return there; and in her almost morbid dread of a

meeting between him and Frank, and in her own anxiety to be at a sufficient distance from him, she forgot that Australia might be big enough to hold them all in peace.

'You think it would be a rough life?' said Frank, disappointed. 'But what has come over you? You used to be strong and bright, and ready for anything. And—you don't look as if you were ill, after all,' he continued, gazing at her. 'What are you afraid of, dear? Why won't you go there with me? We might manage to get along pretty well if—if you wouldn't mind roughing it a bit.'

'It isn't that. But it wouldn't do. I shouldn't like it. Besides, would they like it—your father and all?'

'It's what you would like that I'm thinking of,' said he gloomily, for he began to wonder what she would like. 'Don't you see that—if we are to marry—I must do something! If your aunt won't come round'—

'I don't think there is any chance of that,' murmured Marian.

'Well, then, what on earth would you have me do? I couldn't afford to stay in the army, without some help. You must see that.'

'Yes, yes; I see it.' She became silent.

'I may be ordered out to India. How could I take you there? How could we live in anything like decent comfort on what I have?'

'No; it would never do.'

'But we might have some chance in Australia,' he went on impatiently, for her dreaming, abstracted tone provoked him. How coolly she seemed to take everything! 'I would sell out, you know, and we could have something at least to start with, and my father would help us. Marian, won't you think about it?'

'Think about it! About going to Australia!' she said, starting. 'O no; don't let us talk of that. At least,' she added hurriedly, as she saw his vexed, surprised look, 'let me think of it first. I—I don't like the idea of it at all.' She hesitated again, questioning with herself whether she ought not to risk encountering some frowns and ill-humour, and to tell him the true reason of her dislike to his plan. But she always shrank from mentioning Neil Gilmour's name to him, and she had to struggle a little with herself now before she could do it.

'That's what I want you to do—to think of it,' he said, still looking doubtfully into her face. 'You don't suppose that I care very much about going out there—leaving my profession, and my regiment, and home, and all! There's some risk about it too, of course; I don't mean you to forget that. If I could see any other way open—if I could ask you to go with me to India, supposing that we're sent there, it would be different. But I can't do that; I know it would be folly. I suppose, as things are, there's nothing for it but Australia, or New Zealand, or South America, or the Cannibal Islands—would you prefer them? You can choose what you like best, only, my people, you see, have rather a prejudice against places where one runs a fair chance of being killed and eaten. You can think about it, though. Good-bye now; I must be off, and I know you want to get back to your stitching. Stay—look here; I'm going off to-morrow on duty for a day or two, so I shan't be coming back to bother you here for some days. You'll write to me, though. Write

to Ellisdean, for I don't know yet what other address to give you. Good-bye, love; you'll think of my plan?'

'Yes, Frank. Are you really—really willing to leave the army? Oh, are you sure you are quite, quite willing?'

'Well—no; I can't say I'm quite willing. But I'm willing to marry you, which comes to the same thing. I must go. Good-bye—good-bye, darling; I haven't another moment to stay.'

CHAPTER XII.

At nine o'clock the next morning a cab came to the door of Holly Bank, and four people, with a moderate amount of luggage, were conveyed to the Whiteford Station. The party consisted of Miss Gilmour, Marian, the invalid, and the servant Barbara. Then the house was shut up, doors and windows bolted and barred, the keys confided to one of Miss Gilmour's humble Whiteford acquaintances, and the two other servants departed with their frugal board-wages to their respective homes.

The travellers reached Glasgow in safety, but all considerably fatigued. The sudden start, for which none of them had been prepared the day before, had given Marian and the servant nearly a whole night's work of packing and arranging; and the excitement of the journey to three people so unaccustomed to travelling, had still further exhausted them and Miss Gilmour. Neil, too, was weak and worn out; and in spite of her own fatigue and inexperience, Marian had to undertake the management of the party on their arrival, to find rooms, give orders, and attend to everybody's comfort before she was able to think of herself.

At last, half dead with a racking headache, she found herself at liberty to sit still and rest in the little bedroom which she shared with her aunt in the lodging, which, after much trouble, Miss Gilmour had at last decided on taking. It was a comfortable place enough, but Neil seemed to prefer the situation of it, and there they had settled themselves for the present.

Miss Gilmour was resting on the hard sofa in a corner. Presently, Marian would be required to assist in unpacking the boxes. She had found out that she would have time to post a letter before tea; and not waiting to get out pen and ink, she took a pencil and scrap of paper, and wrote a few hasty lines to Frank. Her head ached, she was sick and dizzy with fatigue and pain, and indeed she hardly knew what she was writing. But she would not lose a day in telling him what had happened to her.

'DEAR FRANK,' she wrote, 'I am here in Glasgow, — Street. I forget the number, but I shall be writing again when I know exactly where we are going to, so you need not write here, for we are not to stay more than a few days, if so long. I can hardly tell you what has made Aunt Sarah resolve so suddenly on coming here. I think she wished that Neil should have change, and should see a doctor here, and you know she is not well herself. She talked to-day of going to some English watering-place, but nothing is settled yet. I am so tired, I can hardly write. I have been thinking all day of your plan; I don't know yet what to say. Perhaps we shall be at home again soon, and then we could talk about it. I cannot write more.—Good-bye, dear, dear Frank. If I do

not see you again— Aunt Sarah is calling me, and I must go out to post this myself.'

She thrust the pencilled scrap into a stray envelope, addressed it, and making a hasty excuse to her aunt, set out with her letter to the nearest post-pillar. It was well, she afterwards thought, that she had been able to write that night. Her aunt was ill all next day with one of her old spasmodic attacks. The day after, too, was spent in attendance on her, and in looking for another lodging, Miss Gilmour having taken a dislike to their present one. A week passed before it was decided whether they were to remain in Glasgow or not.

Meantime, Neil Gilmour grew better. He seemed to like being in Glasgow; and one evening Miss Gilmour told Marian that it was to please him that she had come here. He, on the other hand, informed her that the principal reason for their hurried departure from Holly Bank had been Miss Gilmour's dread of being obliged at last to see Everard Crawford. Marian believed that both explanations were true. Her aunt appeared quieter and easier in her mind, and even, after a few days, began to grow stronger, and to seem to enjoy the walks, which she could now take without fear of meeting any of the Crawfords. As for Neil, he was out a great deal, and seemed to have found business in the town which occupied him for some hours every day. He told Marian at last, but under the seal of secrecy, that he was making some arrangements with a person whom he had met in Glasgow, and whom he had formerly known in Australia, which would enable him by-and-by to carry out the idea of returning there, of which he had already spoken, but which he did not yet venture to talk of to Miss Gilmour.

Marian and he were, by this time, on such easy, friendly terms, that sometimes she almost forgot the relation in which they had formerly stood to each other; but now and then a look or a speech of Miss Gilmour's would abruptly remind her of her aunt's desire that the old relation should be renewed, and the pain which this gave her would be increased when she saw the troubled, desponding expression which came over Neil's face, and the look with which he regarded her. He was careful, indeed, to say nothing which could wound her; and she was so grateful to him for his faithful fulfilment of his promise to her, that she could almost have felt angry with Frank for the hatred with which she knew he regarded him. But with all his evident anxiety to please her, Neil could not conceal either from her or her aunt that he was far from happy; and she was haunted by a continually recurring sense of remorse, which spoilt all the comfort she might otherwise have found in his kindness.

One day, at last, both her gratitude and her self-reproach came to a climax. Miss Gilmour had begun to be restless and discontented, and to view Neil's long absences in the city with impatient suspicion; she guessed that he was making preparations for his return to Australia, and determined to frustrate them. Suddenly, therefore, she announced that they were to leave Glasgow that day. He remonstrated; and her suspicions being confirmed, she broke into a fit of jealous anger, bidding him beware how he tried to leave her again without her permission, and ordering Marian instantly to prepare for their

departure, without saying where she intended to go. Marian, however, believed that they were about to return to Holly Bank, and, in her joy, she destroyed a long letter which she had written at intervals to Frank, but in which she had spoken despondingly about the chances of their speedy meeting. It was better not to send him this dreary letter now; she would soon be near him again. She was growing painfully impatient to see him, for the ten days of their separation had seemed terribly long ones, and she had not been able to hear from him, never knowing what address she might safely send him.

The letter was destroyed, and they were on their way to the station, when Miss Gilmour informed her companions that she meant to go to a small sea-bathing village on the coast, not very far, however, from the town they were leaving. Neil Gilmour was relieved; Marian was in despair. But she consoled herself with the determination of writing now to Frank at all hazards of missing his reply. She had been vainly trying to decide on the answer she was to make to his last proposal, at one moment longing to escape from her present discomforts, and to be with him again; once more resting happily on his love and care, resolving to write and agree unreservedly to do whatever he wished, and to go with him anywhere. But the next moment she would blame herself for thinking only of her own happiness, and she would remember what he had said of his reluctance to leave his profession, and of the risk which would attend his emigration venture. He was 'willing to marry her.' The words had jarred on her, in spite of the smile with which they had been spoken. She had never doubted his willingness and his affection. But was it right, was it even prudent, to accept the sacrifice he offered to make for her? Ought she to allow him to leave his country, his home, the profession and the society which he liked, that he might bury himself with her alone in some distant corner of the earth, from which it might never be in their power to return? Ah! if her aunt would only be a little generous to her. If she could only bring Frank a sum sufficient to prevent his having to leave the army, she would be content, and she thought he, too, would be content with that.

But she must write to him at any rate. She trembled with undefined anxiety as she thought how many days had passed since she sent off her last hurried note. She had scarcely settled in their new quarters when she began to write him another letter; she was writing on the very evening of their arrival, when Neil came into the room. He had been trying, with some success, to smooth down Miss Gilmour's irritability, and had prevailed on her to go out with him for a stroll, partly, as Marian felt, that she might be left in peace. He came in now alone, and sat down near her. She put aside her letter.

'Go on with your writing,' he said, as he threw himself wearily into his chair. 'Aunt Sarah has gone to bed.'

'I can finish my letter afterwards. Thank you, Neil, for making her go out. She will sleep better, and be in better temper to-morrow.'

'I don't know about the temper she may be in to-morrow, but I think, Marian, I've done some good to-night—for you at least.'

'Yes, you have.'

'You mean, I've helped you to get your letter

written. Yes; but I've done more than that. You're writing to Mr Crawford, are you not?'

'Yes—to Frank at least,' said Marian, with a half-apologetic blush.

'Of course—to Frank Crawford.' He paused, and a sort of irritable sigh escaped him. Then checking it, he went on cheerfully; but she could see that the cheerfulness was, as usual, forced.

'Well, you can tell him—— Or stay. It is to his brother you must write. Your aunt says she will send no message to Frank; in case he should think it necessary to come here to thank her, I suppose. But you are to write to Mr Everard Crawford, and to say, that on consideration of his last letter to her—the truth is, she has never been quite satisfied about the answer she made you send him—she is now willing to agree in part to what he asked, and to settle on you five thousand pounds in the meantime. This she considers an ample provision for you, and she will undertake to do no more. If they are not satisfied with this, she desires that there may be no further correspondence either with her or with you. There, Marian, I've told you the message you are to send in her own words, so you had better report it carefully; but I suppose you may add anything you please from yourself. Are you satisfied?'

'Satisfied!' Marian gasped. 'O Neil, is it true? What have you done?'

'Yes; I don't deny it has been my doing,' said he, smiling. 'But are you satisfied?'

'Your doing! But tell me—— O yes, yes; I am satisfied? Aunt Sarah agrees, then? She will let me marry him.'

She burst into tears of joy. Then, recollecting herself, as he remained silent, she tried to compose herself. 'Ah, Neil, I know this has been your doing! But how—how have you managed it?'

'By a little compromise, that's all. I've told her that it's no use for her to expect that you will marry me, and that she had better, therefore, let you marry the other. And I've promised to give up my own plans, and to remain at Holly Bank with her.—Good heavens, what a life it will be! But never mind; I don't mean to grumble, Marian—if she will give you some of her money at once, and allow you to be happy in your own way. There's only one thing I would like you to promise me in return for anything I may have done. This idea of your settling at Ellisdean, I—I would rather you didn't do that.'

'Settling at Ellisdean!'

'Yes; on that farm, you know.'

Then by degrees Marian became enlightened as to the purport of the letter which had been so unceremoniously answered.

'Oh! and I never knew it; and I never said anything to Frank about it; and I didn't rightly understand what he said to me. What must they have thought!'

'Well, it is easy for you to explain everything now.'

'Ah, yes; I must write at once; I must explain everything. I see now. Oh, if I had only known before!'

'You haven't answered me, though. Will you promise me that you won't stay near Holly Bank after you are married?'

Marian gave the promise, and tears of emotion and gratitude were in her eyes again as she did so. But turning abruptly from her, Neil began to pace

up and down the room. She was startled at the sudden strange fit of irresolution and excitement which seemed to have seized him. Was he repenting his generosity?

'Marian, Marian, you used to care for me!' he exclaimed suddenly. 'If I thought you had any pity for me still—if I didn't know that you hate the sight of me!—'

'I don't hate the sight of you,' she said trembling, but concealing her alarm as well as she could.

'You wish me out of your way; you would do anything to get rid of me.'

'Indeed, no. You have been so good to me.'

'Pshaw! Hasn't my coming back spoiled all your comfort—made a quarrel between you and your aunt—interfered with all you had set your heart on?'

'Why speak of that now, when you are helping to make up our quarrel?'

'Don't be too sure that it is quite made up,' he said bitterly; 'you might find it convenient—to forget that I had tried to help you.'

'No, no; I will never forget that. But—don't let us speak more about that. It is getting so late too!—'

'And you want to write your letter. Well, well. There—good-night, Marian; I didn't mean to frighten you.'

'I'm not frightened; I am only very, very sorry.'

'You are frightened too, though; and therefore, as I say, you would be glad to get rid of me for ever and ever. Good-night.'

GREAT FORTUNES.

DR ADAM SMITH, in his *Wealth of Nations*, a work which laid the foundation of our system of Political Economy, points out that the acquisition of wealth is quite indispensable to the advancement of society in civilisation and refinement. 'Without the tranquillity and leisure afforded by the possession of accumulated riches, those speculative and elegant studies which expand and enlarge our views, purify our taste, and lift us higher in the scale of being, could not be successfully prosecuted. Experience shews that the barbarism and refinement of nations depend more on the amount of their wealth than on any other circumstance. No people have ever made any distinguished figure in philosophy or the fine arts, without having been at the same time celebrated for their riches and industry.' There can be no question but that the present development of English art—we allude especially to oil-painting—is owing to the patronage of those who have accumulated fortunes in trade. The men who set the example in this direction—and we must remember there was little patronage of British art until about *thirty* years ago—preferred to purchase the works of rising artists instead of lavishing their money on the so-called productions of the old masters, which were imported by shoals from the continent.

In tracing the development of wealth in England, the student is struck with the slow progress of our commerce in the middle ages. Notwithstanding the proverbially adventurous spirit of Englishmen, we did not venture to trade in our ships to the Baltic before the beginning of the fourteenth century, and another hundred years elapsed before English traders appeared in the Mediterranean. Edward III.—to his credit be it spoken

—did everything in his power to encourage commerce, and in 1355, it is on record that, for the first time in our annals, the balance of commerce in our favour was equal to about L.800,000 of our present money. England made great advances in commercial wealth in the fifteenth century, though trade was hampered with absurd restrictions, such as, that no coin or bullion was to be taken out of the kingdom, and foreign merchants were to sell their goods within three months from the time of their arrival. Nevertheless, men like Sir Richard Whittington made vast fortunes, and their descendants frequently allied themselves with scions of noble houses. Mr Arundell, in *Historical Reminiscences of the City of London* (Bentley, 1869), says it is below the mark to affirm that more than two hundred peerages have been founded by lord mayors and other members of the London livery since the time of Henry Fitz-Allen (mayor in 1110), each of whom has been in trade. This will be the better understood by a few facts from the records of one Company, the Mercers. The daughter and heiress of Sir Adam Francis (mayor 1354) married John, Lord Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; Sir John Coventry (mayor 1425) was ancestor to the present Earl of Coventry; Sir Geoffrey Bullen was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth; Sir William Hollis, ancestor of the ducal family of Newcastle; Sir Michael Dormer, of the Lords Dormer; Sir Thomas Seimour, of the Dukes of Somerset; Sir Baptist Hicks, of the Viscounts Camden; and James Butler, of the House of Ormond. Trade flourished under such a monarch as Edward IV. who traded with his own ships, and when the English navy was not engaged with an enemy, utilised the ships of which it was composed by trading with them on his own account. Among short-sighted enactments, that of Henry VII. against usury may be mentioned. He would not allow the loan of money on interest on any pretence whatever: this absurd law was repealed by his successor, though the rate was fixed to be under ten per cent.

In the sixteenth century, much of the wealth of South America passing through Spain, found its way to England, and a great deal more was obtained by our merchant adventurers in a manner more easy than equitable. Men like Hawkins traded to Guinea (engaging in the vile slave-trade), the Cabots went to the coasts of Newfoundland, and Frobisher and Cavendish to North America. Then, in 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter of incorporation to the East India Company; and during the first twenty years of its existence the profits of the voyages varied from one hundred to three hundred per cent. Ten years after (though the stock had been sold at 203 per cent.), the price of the stock had fallen by sixty per cent. in consequence of various disasters. In 1685 it reached 500 per cent.

A few figures will shew the rapid rise of our wealth in the seventeenth century. The revenue of James I. was about L.600,000, that of Charles I. L.895,000, Commonwealth L.4,400,000. The enormous amount of the last sum was owing to a heavy land-tax, the excise then originated, sales of crown and church lands, and sequestration of private estates. However for some reasons many may regret the dissolution of the monasteries in the previous century, there can be no doubt that the occupation of the land by smaller proprietors vastly increased its productiveness, and thus the

rise of a powerful yeoman class added to the wealth of the country. The crown revenue in the reign of Charles II. was about £1,400,000. When we look at the great increase in the value of land in the first twenty-eight years of the reign of Charles II. we shall have some idea of the prosperity of the country. According to Davenant (*Discourses on Trade*), the value of the whole rental of England in 1660 was only £6,000,000 (worth, at twelve years' purchase, £72,000,000); but in 1688 it had increased to £14,000,000—value, at twelve years' purchase, £168,000,000. It is interesting to remember that the population of England was then only about five millions and a half; so that our population is now four times that amount, and our revenue sixty-six times greater.

We have thought it best to give a few leading facts on the growth of our national wealth, because it mainly depended on our commercial prosperity. Let us now turn to the great fortunes of England two hundred years ago. The richest subject in England in 1685 had estates which little exceeded £20,000 a year. The Duke of Ormond had £23,000 a year; His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, £19,600; and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, left property which would yield a like sum. Macaulay, quoting *King's Natural and Political Conclusions*, says the average income of a temporal peer was about £3000 a year; of a baronet, £900; member of the House of Commons, £800 (*History of England*, i. 309). Sir William Temple observes: 'The revenues of a House of Commons have seldom exceeded £400,000' (Memoirs, p. 3).

Passing on to the eighteenth century, it has been said, no doubt with truth, that hardly any Englishman could have produced half a million of money in 1750. We presume Alderman Beckford could have done so, as in 1770 he left his son Fonthill, which had cost £240,000, £100,000 a year, and a million of ready money. How rapidly that fortune was dissipated! The author of *Vathek*, at the age of thirty-six, in 1796, came to reside at Fonthill, and began to build a new house in the Gothic style. The following description of the house, by a visitor, is given in the preface to a recent edition of *Vathek*: 'To give you an idea of the place, you must think of York Minster placed on a commanding elevation in the midst of a woodland paradise of many miles in extent. . . . Although at this spot the interior of Fonthill has not the vastness of York Minster, yet I think the whole building stands on more ground. The dazzling effect of the stained glass in the lofty windows, when the sun throws their colours on the crimson carpets, contrasted with the vivid green lawn seen in the distance through the lofty entrance doors, themselves as high as a moderate-sized house; the galleries a hundred feet above you; the magnificent mirror at the end of the room reflecting the prospect of the grounds for miles, present a scene I shall never see equalled. Looking right and left, you have a clear view of three hundred and thirty feet, not bare stone walls, but a magnificent apartment, furnished with the most valuable books, cabinets, paintings, mirrors, crimson silk hangings, and a thousand things besides; you walk the whole distance on superb carpets, and at every step your attention is arrested by some beautiful work of art or natural curiosity.' In 1822, the whole, in consequence of the depreciation of his West India property, com-

bined with reckless expenditure, was sold to Mr John Farquhar for £330,000; and its former owner went to Bath, and there built an immense tower, from the summit of which he could see Fonthill, though seventy miles distant.

The rise of the great House of Rothschild belongs to the eighteenth century. Meyer Anselm, a Jew, was born in 1743, and was established as a money-lender, &c. in Frankfort, in 1772. From his poor shop bearing the sign of the *Red Shield*, he acquired the name Rothschild. He found a good friend in William, Landgrave of Hesse; and when the Landgrave, in 1806, had to flee from Napoleon, he intrusted the banker with about £250,000 to take care of. The careful Jew traded with this; so that, in 1812, when he died, he left about a million sterling to his six sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Meyer, Charles, and James. Knowing the truth of the old motto, 'Union is strength,' he charged his sons that they should conduct their financial operations together. The third son, Nathan, was the cleverest of the family, and had settled in England, coming to Manchester in 1797, and London in 1803. Twelve years after, we see him at Waterloo, watching the battle, and posting to England as soon as he knew the issue, and spreading everywhere the defeat of the English. The clever but unscrupulous speculator thus depressed the funds, and his agents were enabled to buy at a cheap rate; and it is said that he made a *million* by this transaction. He died in 1836; but the real amount of his wealth never transpired. It has been said: 'Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp, nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for millions as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist.' (*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange*.)

William Strahan the printer made a large fortune in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His third son, Andrew, who succeeded him in the business, left more than a million when he died in 1831. Thirty years after, the Duke of Buckingham died, who, like his father, squandered a vast fortune at Stowe, and had to sell the contents of the mansion. This sale occupied forty days, and realised £75,562, 4s. 6d. (Rumsey Forster's *Priced and Annotated Catalogue*.) What a pity such a dispersion seemed! His Grace was, says Sir Bernard Burke, after the present reigning family, the senior representative of the royal Houses of Tudor and Plantagenet.

James Morison, 'the hygeist,' who died in 1840, made half a million by the sale of his vegetable pills. According to Mr Grant (*History of the Newspaper Press*), Holloway, the inventor of the celebrated pills and ointment which bear his name, has amassed a fortune of from one and a half to two millions, and intends following in the steps of Mr Peabody. Pianoforte-making would also seem to be a profitable business, since Mr Thomas Broadwood, who died in 1862, left £350,000 personalty. William Joseph Denison, the banker, left one of the greatest fortunes of modern times—namely, two and a half millions, in 1849. When Coutts the banker died, in 1821, he left his wife (formerly Harriet Mellon, the actress) £600,000, as well as estates to a large amount. One instance out of many will suffice to shew the good use his grand-daughter, the present Baroness Burdett

Countts, has made of this vast wealth : at a cost of £50,000 she endowed the colonial bishoprics of Adelaide and British Columbia. The Earl of Bridgewater, who died in 1823, left property amounting to about £2,000,000 to the then Lord Alford, on condition that if he should die without having attained the rank of marquis or duke, the property was to go to his brother. But the question was raised, when Lord Alford died without having assumed these dignities, whether his son was not entitled to the property ; and the House of Lords decided that the condition was contrary to the principles of the English constitution, and Lord Alford's son was confirmed in the title.* Another will, which was the subject of much litigation, was that of Mr Peter Thelussou, who died in London in July 1797. After leaving his wife £100,000, the residue (about £600,000) he committed to the care of trustees, to accumulate during the lives of his sons and their sons, to be divided when they were all dead among their survivors. It was believed that the property would then amount to £18,000,000 or £19,000,000. But legal and other expenses prevented this, and when divided in 1856, little more than the original sum was divided among the three survivors (*Book of Days*, ii. 97). But wealth has gone on accumulating in England to an enormous extent, and the proving of the personality of wills allows us to realise this pretty accurately. Mr Gladstone was no doubt right when he said at Liverpool College, Dec. 22, 1872 : ' More wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still among us—than in all the preceding ages, from the time, say, of Julius Caesar ; and again at least as much of wealth within the last twenty years as within the preceding fifty.'

The *Spectator*, Nov. 16, 1872, published a list containing an account of the fortunes exceeding a quarter of a million personally during the last ten years. From this list it appears that during the decade ten persons left more than a million, fifty-three more than half a million, and one hundred and sixty-one more than a quarter of a million sterling. It must be remembered that these fortunes do not include landed investments. Let us pick out the millionaires from the list :

Dec. 24, 1864, Hudson Gurney, Keswick, Norfolk	£1,100,000
July 22, 1865, Richard Thornton, Esq., Caversham Park, Oxon	2,800,000†
Sept. 7, 1867, W. Crawshaw, Esq., Amley, Leeds	1,200,000
March 14, 1868, Samuel Eyres, Esq., Dublin brewer	1,100,000
June 5, 1869, Samuel Scott, Esq., Cavendish Square	1,400,000
October 16, 1869, W. H. Forman, Esq., Pippbrook House, Dorking	1,000,000
March 12, 1870, Thomas Fielden, Esq., Wellfield, Crumpsall	1,300,000
March 14, 1871, Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild	1,800,000
Sept. 9, 1871, Giles Loder, Esq., Clarendon Place, Hyde Park Gardens	3,000,000

The *Spectator* remarks on this : ' The new scale, under which a man with less than a million is,

among rich men, quite poor, and men can be quoted with twenty millions, has only been in force twenty years, and most of the new millionaires have not had time to die. We expect, should we be able to repeat this record ten years hence, to find it enormously enlarged both in scale and number, venturing to predict confidently that it will contain at least a hundred fortunes exceeding a million sterling, the figure which we may in 1872 accept as the lowest at which a mercantile or financial grandee could begin to think that he should by-and-by be almost a prosperous man. If the account should then, under some new law, include the landed fortunes, it will be swollen out of all knowledge, for no truth about English property is so certain as this : that no man in England can become wealthy without part of his wealth going to the owners of the soil, and especially to three individuals—the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Portman.'

As a rule, modern millionaires are not parsimonious in their way of living ; in fact, the establishments of our merchant princes often eclipse those of the aristocracy. They frequently have expensive hobbies like that of picture-collecting, and their descendants find, when such collections are dispersed, that the money invested in works of art generally yields a good return. There are a few examples of great fortunes made by misers, who often denied themselves the necessities of life in order that they might leave a large sum behind them. Such a man was James Wood, of Gloucester, who died in 1836, possessed of property sworn under £900,000. A will was found in which he left all his property to Alderman Wood of London, his attorney, and two clerks. But a short time after a codicil to the will was sent in anonymously, bequeathing various large sums to different individuals. It was accompanied with this extraordinary memorandum : ' The inclosed is a paper saved out of many burned by parties I could hang. They pretend it is not J. Wood's hand ; many will swear to it. They want to swindle me. Let the rest know.' The writer was never discovered ; and now came litigation, which lasted four years. Sir Herbert Jenner gave his judgment in 1840, rejecting the codicil so mysteriously sent. But—O the glorious uncertainty of the law !—Lord Lyndhurst, in a higher court, reversed the judgment ; and the money was divided according to the terms of the will.

M A Y.

MARCH hears the building rookery cawing ring,
And sees the furrows hold the harvest's hopes ;
Aurora's gates blithe April earlier opes,
And hears a larger throng of warblers sing :
Then twinkle creatures of the dusky wing,
And flower-fringed banks like fond Narcissus look
With arch complacency in the mimic brook :
The cuckoo shouts like some unearthly thing.
Next comest Thou, fair May, to bloom the thorn
With saintly whiteness for vermilion haws,
To wind, in olden shades, thy magic horn,
That makes me, careless of the present, pause,
To think of Shakspeare dreaming, Dante born,
And Kepler solving planetary laws.

* Sir B. Burke's *Vicissitudes of Families*, ii. 390.

† We believe this should be £3,800,000.